

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### MOLLIE'S LOVE AFFAIR

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Mollie, like all other girls, believes that her love affair is the most important and interesting in the world, and I some times think she is right.

I sometimes wonder if scientists should spend as much time over the proper mating of human beings as they do upon the proper propagation of hogs if the world would not progress faster.

I do not mean, little book, the much-talked-of science or near science of eugenics, although any one must know that physically perfect men and women are better subjects for marriage than those who are physically defective.

But it seems to me there should be something more than mere physical attraction that shall determine whether a man shall ask a woman to marry him or not. A man concludes because he "wants" a woman it is a sufficient excuse for marrying her. He never thinks to reduce his passion by the aid of a little common sense and ask himself if he will get over "wanting" in the first six months of marriage, or does he "want" the life-long companionship and comradeship of the girl who has appealed to his fancy.

I sometimes think, little book, that we should have a course in our schools that will fit young men and women for the most important undertaking of their lives—marriage.

Mollie came over dimpling and smiling. I really think she is the prettiest girl in town. Since she has been working on the paper her face has gained character, and yet it has lost nothing of its freshness and youthful beauty.

"Do you suppose," asked Mollie, "that Mr. Hatton is in love with me?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, my dear. Do you want him to be in love with you?"

"I don't know," was Mollie's hesi-

tating reply.

"Isn't it rather selfish of you to hope that he is interested in you if you do not particularly care for him?"

"Perhaps," said Mollie, musingly. "You see, Margie, I think I would fall in love with either him or Pat if only one of them were around."

"First time I ever heard of a woman who illustrated that manly trait of being 'happy with either, with the other dear charmer away.'"

"Well, why not?" asked Mollie. "Is there any more reason why a man should have that trait than a woman? We've all—men and women, Margie—got to be easily charmed or else the world will come to an end. The idea that on all this earth there are but two hearts that, mated, can beat as one is silly. I believe that almost any two hearts can make themselves believe that they will beat in accord if the two people owning them are thrown together constantly and neither heart is busy trying the unison plan with some other heart."

"Here I am and there are Mr. Hatton and Pat, each of whom seems to think that his is the only heart that can sing love's grand sweet song with mine, and yet only two of us are going to sing it."

"Mollie, would you be happy with either of these men as his wife?"

Mollie stopped a minute and said: "You may think I am a strange girl, Margie, but I believe I would. Truly I am very fond of them both. I love Pat for his splendid courage, his grasp of power, his loyalty and his good nature, and I love Mr. Hatton—oh, I don't really know why I love Mr. Hatton."

"I do, my dear. It is because you are not sure that he loves you and you want to win the game."

"Hush, Margie, you are not generous with me."